

# Incubus, Southern Girl

Is everything a baited hook?  
And are there locks on all doors?  
If you're looking for an open book  
Look no further, I am yours

We'll behave like animals  
Swing from tree to tree  
We can do anything  
That turns you up and sets you free

You're an exception to the rule  
You're a bonafide rarity  
You're all I ever wanted  
Southern girl  
Could you want me?

So come outside and walk with me  
We'll try each other on to see if we fit  
And with our roots, become a tree  
To shade what we make, under it

We'll behave like animals  
Swing from tree to tree  
We can do anything  
That turns you up and sets you free

You're an exception to the rule  
You're a bonafide rarity  
You're all I ever wanted  
Southern girl  
Could you want me?